presents

Joley Seitz, Soprano

In a Senior Recital

assisted by:

Dr. Korey Barrett, piano

In partial fulfillment of the requirement
for the Bachelor of Music degree in Vocal Performance
From the studio of Dr. Jean McDonald

Io son l’umile ancella
From Adriana Lecouvreur

Francesco Cilea
(1866-1950)

Songs of the Rose of Sharon

I am the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valleys
I sat down under his shadow
His left hand is under my head
O my dove, that art in the clefts of the rock
My beloved is mine, and I am his
The voice of my beloved! behold, he cometh
Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away

John La Montaine
(1920-2013)

Intermission

Die Nacht
Allerseelen
An die Nacht
Breit über mein Haupt
Zueignung

Richard Strauss
(1864-1949)
Ne poi krasavitsa
Polyubila ja na pechal’ svoyu
Son
Vesennie vody

Sergei Rachmaninov
(1873-1943)

Davis Hall, at 6:00 P.M. Tuesday, April 12, 2022
I am the rose of Sharon
Based on the Songs of Solomon, Chapter 2

I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valleys.
As the lily among thorns, so is my love among the daughters.
As the apple tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons.

I sat down under his shadow
Based on the Songs of Solomon, Chapter 2

I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste.
He brought me to the banqueting house, and his banner over me was love.
Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples: for I am sick of love.

His left hand is under my head
Based on the Songs of Solomon, Chapter 2

His left hand is under my head, and his right hand doth embrace me.

O my dove, that art in the clefts of the rock
Based on the Songs of Solomon, Chapter 2

O my dove, that art in the clefts of the rock, in the secret places of the stairs, let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice; for sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely.
My beloved is mine, and I am his
Based on the Songs of Solomon, Chapter 2

My beloved is mine, and I am his:
He feedeth among the lilies.
Until the daybreak,
and the shadows flee away.
turn, my beloved, and be thou like a
roe or a young hart upon the mountains of Bether.

The voice of my beloved! behold, he cometh
Based on the Songs of Solomon, Chapter 2

The voice of my beloved! behold,
he cometh leaping upon the mountains,
skipping upon the hills.
My beloved is like a roe or a young hart:
behold, he standeth behind our wall
he looketh forth at the windows,
shewing himself through the lattice.
my beloved spake, and said unto me…

Rise up, my love my fair one and come away
Based on the Songs of Solomon, Chapter 2

Rise up, my love my fair one and come away.
For, lo, the winter in past, the rain is over and gone;
The flowers appear on the earth;
the time of the singing of birds is come,
the voice of the turtle is heard in our land;
the fig tree putteth forth her green figs,
and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell.
Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.

Die Nacht
Hermann von Gilm

Aus dem Walde tritt die Nacht,
Aus den Bäumen schleicht sie leise,
Schaut sich um in weitem Kreise,
Nun gib Acht!

Alle Lichter dieser Welt,
Alle Blumen, alle Farben
Löscht sie aus und stiehlt die Garben
Weg vom Feld.

Alles nimmt sie, was nur hold,

Night
Trans. Richard Stokes

Night steps from the woods,
Slips softly from the trees,
Gazes about her in a wide arc,
Now beware!

All the lights of this world,
All the flowers, all the colours
She extinguishes and steals the sheaves
From the field.

She takes all that is fair,
Nimmt das Silber weg des Stroms
Nimmt vom Kupferdach des Doms
Weg das Gold.

Ausgeplündert steht der Strauch:
Rücke näher, Seel’ an Seele,
O die Nacht, mir bangt, sie stehle
Dich mir auch

Allerseelen
Hermann von Gilm

Takes the silver from the stream,
Takes from the cathedral’s copper roof
The gold.

The bush stands plundered:
Draw closer, soul to soul,
Ah the night, I fear, will steal
You too from me.

All Souls’ Day
Trans. Richard Stokes

Stell auf den Tisch die duftenden Reseden,
Die letzten roten Astern trag herbei,
Und laß uns wieder von der Liebe reden,
Wie einst im Mai.

Give me your hand to press in secret,
And if people see, I do not care,
Give me but one of your sweet glances
As once in May.

Gib mir die Hand, daß ich sie heimlich drücke,
Und wenn man’s sieht, mir ist es einerlei,
Gib mir nur einen deiner süßen Blicke,
Wie einst im Mai.

Each grave today has flowers and is fragrant,
One day each year is devoted to the dead;
Come to my heart and so be mine again,
As once in May.

Es blüht und duftet heut auf jedem Grabe,
Ein Tag im Jahr ist ja den Toten frei,
Komm am mein Herz, daß ich dich wieder habe,
Wie einst im Mai.

An Die Nacht
Clemens Brentano

Bjelbog’s Speer, Bjelbog’s Speer
Sinkt in’s Herz der trunknen Erde,
Die mit seliger Geberde
Eine Rose

To the Night
Trans. Richard Stokes

Holy night, holy night!
Heavenly peace, encircled in stars!
All things divided by light,
Are united,
All our wounds
Bleed sweetly in the sunset!

Bielbog’s spear, Bielbog’s spear
Plunges into the heart of the drunken earth,
Which with a gesture of bliss
Immerses a rose
In dem Schoße
Dunkler Lüste niedertaucht!

Heilige Nacht! züchtige Braut, züchtige Braut!
Deine süße Schmach verhülle,
Wenn des Hochzeitbechers Fülle
Sich ergießet.
Also fließet
In die brünstige Nacht der Tag!

Breit über mein Haupt
Adolf Friedrich von Schack

Breit’ über mein Haupt dein schwarzes Haar,
Neig’ zu mir dein Angesicht,
Da strömt in die Seele so hell und klar
Mir deiner Augen Licht.

Ich will nicht droben der Sonne Pracht,
Noch der Sterne leuchtenden Kranz,
Ich will nur deiner Locken Nacht
Und deiner Blicke Glanz.

Zueignung
Hermann von Gilm

Ja, du weißt es, teure Seele,
Daß ich fern von dir mich quäle, Liebe macht
die Herzen krank,
Habe Dank.

Einst hielt ich, der Freiheit Zecher,
Hoch den Amethysten-Becher,
Und du segnetest den Trank,
Habe Dank.

Und beschworst darin die Bösen,
Bis ich, was ich nie gewesen,
Heilig, heilig an’s Herz dir sank,
Habe Dank!

In the womb
Of darkened desire!

Holy night! chaste bride, chaste bride!
Veil your sweet shame,
When the wedding-cup
Overflows.
Thus does day
Stream into fervent night!

Unbind your black hair
Trans. Richard Stokes

Unbind your black hair right over my head,
Incline to me your face!
Then clearly and brightly into my soul
The light of your eyes will stream.

I want neither the glory of the sun above
Nor the gleaming garland of stars,
All I want are your black tresses
And the radiance of your eyes.

Dedication
Trans. Richard Stokes

Yes, dear soul, you know
That I’m in torment far from you,
Love makes hearts sick –
Be thanked.

Once, reveling in freedom,
I held the amethyst cup aloft
And you blessed that draught –
Be thanked.

And you banished the evil spirits,
Till I, as never before,
Holy, sank holy upon your heart –
Be thanked.
Ne pói krasavitsa
Alexander Pushkin

Ne pói krasavitsa, pri mné
Ty pésen Grúzii pechal naj:
Napaminajut mné ané
Drugúju zhyzn i béreg dal naj.

Uvy napamnajut mné
Tvají zhestókije napévy
I step, i nóch, i pri luné
Cherty daljókaj bédnaj dévy!...

Ja prízrak mílyj, rakavój
Tebja uvídev, zabyvaju;
No ty pajósh i preda mnój
Jevó ja vnóf vaabrazhaju.

Ne pói krasavitsa, pri mné
Ty pésen Grúzii pechal naj:
Napaminajut mné ané
Drugúju zhyzn i béreg dal naj

Song not to me, beautiful maiden
Trans. Richard D. Sylvester

Do not sing for me, fair beauty,
Your songs of sad Georgia:
They remind me
Of another life and distant shore.

Alas they bring back memories,
Your cruel melodies,
Of the steppe at night, and, in the moonlight,
The features of a poor maiden far away!...

Seeing you, I forget
That dear, fateful vision:
But when you sing, again
I imagine it before me.

Do not sing for me, fair beauty,
Your songs of sad Georgia:
They remind me
Of another life and distant shore.

Polyubila ja na pechal’ svoyu
Alekséi Pleschéyev, Taras Shevchenko

Polyubila ja
na pechal’ svoyu
Siratínushku
bestalannava.
Ush takaja dólja
Mne vypala.
Razluchíli nas
Ljúdi síl’ nyje;
Úvezlí jevó.
Zsali v rékuty…
I saldatkaj ja
Adinókaj ja,
Znat’, f chuzhój izbê
I sastarejus’.
Ush takaja dólja
Mne vypala.
A! A!

The Soldier’s Wife
Trans. Richard D. Sylvester

I fell in love
To my sorrow
With a poor orphan
An unlucky lad.
Such us the fate
That has befallen me.
Powerful folks
Separated us;
They took him away
Made him an army recruit…
And I’m a soldier’s wife.
All alone,
In a stranger’s hut
I’ll grow old, it seems.
Oh what a fate
Has befallen me.
Ah! Ah!
Son  
Alekséi Pleschéyev, Heinrich Heine  
I u menja byl kraj radnój;  
Prekrasen ón!  
Tam jél’ kachalas’ nada mnój…  
No tó byl són  
Sem’ja druzéj zhyva byla,  
Sa fsékh starón  
Zvuchali mné ljubví slava…  
No tó byl són  

A dream  
Trans. Richard D. Sylvester  
I too had a native land;  
So beautiful!  
A fir tree swayed above me there…  
But it was a dream!  
My family were living friends,  
And all around me  
Words of love were spoken…  
But it was a dream!  

Vesennie vody  
Feodor Tyutchev  
Jeshchó f paljakh beléjet snék,  
A vódy ush vesnój shumjat,  
Begút y búdjat sónnyj brék,  
Begút y bléshchut y glasjat,  
Aní glasjat va fsé kantsy:  
“Vesna idjót! Vesna idjót!  
My maladój vesny gantsy,  
Ana nas vyslala fperjót,  
Vesna idjót! Vesna idjót!”  
I tikhikh, tjóplykh majskikh dnéj  
Rumjanyj, svétlyj kharavót  
Talpítsa vésela za néj.  

Spring waters  
Trans. Richard D. Sylvester  
The fields are still white with snow,  
But already the waters are proclaiming spring,  
Running along and waking sleepy riverbanks,  
Running and glittering and declaring.  
The declare in all directions:  
“Spring is coming! Spring is coming!  
We are heralds of the young spring,  
She sent us in advance.  
Spring is coming! Spring is coming!”  
And the still, warm days of May  
In a rosy, bright circle-dance,  
Crowd together and gaily follow behind.